Strike a Pose

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Strike a Pose

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Summary

When Will Graham was younger, he used to watch the Olympics with his family, a tradition that has stuck with him, though he's far busier these days and rarely gets to watch them in real time.

Which is why he knows he must be daydreaming when Hannibal Lecter walks onto his set during an ad campaign he's modeling in for a collaboration between the Olympics and Gucci.

Notes

Day 28 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Fashion/Models

We basically wanted to give Hannibal the Adam Rippon level of amazingness he deserves as an ex-Olympic gold winner and see a young Will Graham in Gucci!

See the end of the work for more notes

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Bev is fixing a stray curl or two when she notices he's gone completely still, and she follows his gaze across the room to where Hannibal has just entered.

"He's real, Will. I wanted to surprise you but didn't expect him here for another day. They've asked him to model with you, he's well known for dressing in bespoke suits and he's still one of the most loved male figure skaters in American Olympic history. They figured he'd be a great addition, *plus* he can teach you how not to crack your skull when you actually get out on the ice for the shoot."

As his best friend and makeup artist, Beverly knows *exactly* how impactful Hannibal was to Will's life and to his career. He'd been too old to truly consider picking up skating when he'd watched Hannibal - only a few years older than himself, but already having been skating since he was old enough to walk - perform in his first year at the Olympics. He'd taken bronze that year, to everyone's surprise, a newbie who'd been unknown before his Olympic trial.

The next time he'd been at the Olympics, he'd taken gold and assured himself a spot in the hearts of Americans across the country.

But that's not why he meant so much to Will. Will, already struggling with his sexuality in a lot of ways being from Biloxi, had been *floored* by the ease and grace Hannibal exuded while gliding across the ice, his body in perfect motion and *beautiful.* Hannibal was openly bisexual, and Will had been immediately enamored and more than a little attracted to the skater. His room was suddenly filled with posters of Hannibal and he'd been able to convince his parents on multiple occasions to take him several hours away to New Orleans and Atlanta when Hannibal and the *Skaters on Ice* team would come through to perform.

Bev clears her throat, and it snaps Will back to the present moment, though he can still feel the chill of the ice from his memories. "Go introduce yourself, you weirdo, stop staring at him like a creep."

As it turns out, falling on your ass on ice is painful. Will had only limited experience with ice skating. Despite his love for the sport, Biloxi never really gave him the chance to skate often enough to feel comfortable, and certainly not often enough to make an absolute fool of himself several times in a row.

“Will, we really must work on your center of balance.” Hannibal’s voice was still soothing, mirthful, even after over half a dozen falls and subsequent mini training sessions and pep talks.

Will glances up at the professional, too embarrassed to even manage a proper glare. “What I *must* do is begin looking for a new manager,” he mutters as he accepts Hannibal’s hand - still so warm even after so long spent in the rink - and pulls himself to standing, “Because *clearly* mine lost her mind when she thought this would be a good fit for me.”

The moment he’s standing his ankles buckle, legs wobbling dangerously until Hannibal has to grip both of his forearms to keep him steady. Will sends a pointed glare up at the man before him, as if the fumble has just reiterated his claim.

“Don’t be too harsh on Bev,” Hannibal suggests, a small smile twisting his lips, “Just because she sees something in you you don’t see yourself.”

Will huffs at that, his amusement morphing to a foggy vapor as it leaves his lips. “Which is?”

“The same thing I see,” Hannibal informs him. He’s still gripping Will’s forearms, his touch searing through the hoodie he’d donned. He uses the position to tug Will a bit closer to him, and Will has no choice but to allow the movement or risk falling on his ass for the seventh time in one day. “A stubborn perseverance that won’t be beaten. You feel discouraged now, but I’m certain you’ll keep at this until you’re confident enough to perform the task given to you. And then some, I’d imagine.”

“We lost an entire day to my inadequacy,” Will frowns. “We *have* to get this filmed *tomorrow* if we’re going to meet our deadline. I’m running out of time.”

Hannibal’s smile is both reassuring and carefree. “There’s plenty of time. Just...focus on me.”

He holds Will’s forearms in a stabilizing grip and begins to skate backwards. Will’s legs wobble once more with the sudden movement, and Hannibal shushes the panicked expression that must seize his face in his anxiety.

“Just focus on me,” he repeats softly. “Back straight,” he instructs, “Shoulders back, there,” he nods in approval when Will makes the necessary changes to his posture, relaxing into Hannibal’s grip as he’s pulled backwards and standing straight rather than hobbled over, ready to brace himself for the next fall.

“You don’t walk around hunched over like an ape,” Hannibal points out, “There’s no balance there in the body you have; you’re only making yourself top-heavy. Don’t you feel more stable, standing tall like a human?”

Will can’t stop the surprised and delighted smile that stretches his lips. “Yeah, this feels better.”

“Good,” Hannibal nods, and then releases one of his arms, twisting until they are side by side, Will’s frozen hand encompassed in the warmth of Hannibal’s. “Now, to propel yourself

forward, you will need to bend slightly. Not at the waist, but in your upper back. Allow your form to sway gently side to side with each foot you push forward."

Will follows the advice, sliding one foot in front of the other as he sways, as though dancing along to a beat only he and Hannibal can hear. They continue like that for several minutes, long enough that Will feels far more brazen than he had when they'd started their day, his feet steady beneath him as he slowly releases the death grip he has on Hannibal's arms.

The other man releases him, lets him continue on his own, his body steady and his stance stable as he glides across the ice. Hannibal is right beside him, and then in front of him, skating in lazy, tight circles around Will like a protective parent.

Will grins at him, propelling himself forward as he and Hannibal skate closer to the edge of the rink. The extra burst of forward momentum has his toe pressing too far forward, and he stumbles, crashing into Hannibal and slamming them both into the low railing of the wall surrounding the ice. His breath is forced from his lungs with a heave, and it takes several moments for him to collect himself enough to realize their bodies are still pressed tightly together.

And Hannibal is hard.

The skin tight leggings they both wear on the ice do nothing to hide Hannibal's erection, and with a growing sense of embarrassment Will realizes he has an answering hardness in his own pants, the spike of adrenaline and the closeness of his long time crush sending some very mixed signals to his body.

He clears his throat, words of apology on the tip of his tongue before Hannibal interrupts him.

"Beverly may have mentioned some *posters* you had of me?" Hannibal's grin is full of mirth, his eyes dancing wickedly as he pins Will with his gaze.

Will knows his cheeks must be flaming now, and he makes a mental note to *absolutely* fire his best friend as soon as he sees her again. But all thoughts vanish when Hannibal's hand drifts to Will's elbow, steadying him and also caressing against him with an obvious intent.

"That's mortifying, but I won't deny it. You were a bit of an idol, I guess, as a confused gay teen in the south. Seeing you always being so brilliantly, authentically yourself, and being *so successful,* really inspired me." Will returns Hannibal's smile, feeling a little stupid and more than a little aroused at the thickening tension between them. "I never...really *wanted* to be myself, before you gave me the courage to."

"I can't fathom why," Hannibal murmurs, shifting his body slightly so they press together further still, from groin to chest now, Hannibal's hands finding Will's hips and wrapping about them firmly. "You're absolutely exquisite."

Will can feel himself flush at that, his cold cheeks blooming with a warm blush as he instinctively ducks his head to hide his breathless smile. When he glances up again, Hannibal is gazing at him with such blatant fondness that it makes Will's heart stutter in its beat,

something altogether more *carnal* prowling behind the adoration that sends heat to surge stronger yet through his belly and groin.

Tipping his head up feels instinctual, as does the way their mouths slot together, and Will groans at the velvet heat of Hannibal's tongue sliding against his own. Hannibal echos the sound, though rumbling from *his* throat it sounds like liquid sex and has fire flooding Will's veins. He gasps and presses closer, his stomach fluttering when Hannibal's hands tighten on his hips as he rolls his own into him.

Their erections brush against each other, a tantalizing friction that Will longs to repeat, but suddenly he remembers the skin-tight spandex that clothes their lower halves, and he can't help but to imagine how *obscene* they must look, hard cocks tenting their leggings while they makeout like teenagers. He's been slightly on edge since he first saw Hannibal in the flesh, the dizzying reality of meeting his childhood crush combining with the desperate need not to embarrass himself twisting tighter and tighter until finally something *snaps,* and Will breaks away from the kiss, unable to stop the startled laughter that bubbles up and out of him.

He retains his hold on Hannibal's biceps to steady himself as he shakes with laughter and wobbles precariously on the ice. He bows his head to try and collect himself, certain that he can't face Hannibal at the moment, but is then met with his vision brought to life, and his laughter only increases at the sight of Hannibal's considerable endowment bulging from his leggings.

"I've embarrassed you," Hannibal notes, and though he clearly means for the comment to be passive, unaffected, Will can hear a twinge of his own humiliation coloring the statement.

"No," Will denies, but he says it through another chortle and it sounds wholly unbelievable. "No, no," he tries again, forcing his laughter to quell, though his voice is quite strained with the effort. He takes a chance on peering up at Hannibal, sorry to be the cause of his pinkening cheeks. "I'm just - nervous."

"I'd have guessed amused," Hannibal retorts, the openness that had been on his features shuttered away protectively.

"No, Hannibal I -" Will clears his throat, blinks away the tears of mirth that had sprung to his eyes with his episode. "This is just… I can't believe this is happening. I've admired you for so long, and the moment I met you I felt this connection and told myself it just had to be the childhood crush coloring my perception. I mean I…" Will glances away, his cheeks and ears burning as he admits, "I imagined this, you know? In that way that lonely people do…"

He bites his lip and looks back to Hannibal, glad, at least, to see that the desire in his gaze has returned, intensified. "What did you imagine?" His voice is a low rumble, colored with intrigue and anticipation, and Will's stomach clenches at the sound.

"I, uh...I wondered what kind of lover you would be. If it would be soft and tender or - or passionate and, uh... *rough,"* he nearly chokes on the word when Hannibal's hands shift at his hips, sliding around to cradle his low back and pull them flush together once more.

He dips his head, nuzzling first at Will's cheek as he speaks his fantasies and then dipping lower to mouth at Will's neck. "Tell me more," he purrs against Will's throat, and Will stutters at the sensation of his hot breath ghosting over his chilled skin, his words thick with his heart in his throat as he struggles to keep talking.

"I'd watch you twist around on the ice, watch you do that - that *thing* where you pull your leg up and I'd wonder how flexible you'd be. How it would feel to have your thighs wrapped around me."

Hannibal's smirk is nearly as obscene as the bulge in his pants, and Will feels breathless with all of that heated attention honed on him. Before he can say the filth Will is certain he has prepared, a loud clang sounds from behind them and they break apart like they're on fire.

It's a janitor, and Will can feel his pulse racing in his throat. Hannibal is still smiling when he pulls Will close again. "Perhaps we should adjourn to my room for some privacy?"

Will is speechless, nodding mutely as Hannibal pulls him towards the exit.

"Fuck," Will groans beneath Hannibal, the athlete just as bendy and capable as Will expected him to be. Hannibal is riding him, has been alternating between maddeningly slow, tight grinds of his hips and an all out gallop atop Will's thighs.

"That's the general idea, yes," Hannibal chuckles, and Will is pleased to hear how breathless he sounds. He imagines how much lovelier he might sound begging Will for release, and he feels emboldened.

He grabs Hannibal's hips and pulls him down hard on his cock, keeping himself buried deep inside for several seconds before thrusting up in quick, rabbiting thrusts that slam directly into Hannibal's prostate.

"Will!" Hannibal whines, and Will knows he needs to hear more breathless pleas and needy sighs.

He flips them, only out of Hannibal's clenching body for mere seconds before he's driving back into him, fucking Hannibal's back into the mattress mercilessly.

"C'mon, get those pretty legs around me," Will encourages as he fucks into Hannibal mercilessly. He groans when Hannibal complies, wrapping his thighs around Will's waist and clenching hard. *"God,* you feel so fucking good Hannibal. Just like I imagined; take me so well," the filth spilling from Will's mouth would be embarrassing in any other situation, but Hannibal seems to love it, the praise never ceasing in pulling pretty moans from the other man's throat and causing him to writhe desperately on Will's cock.

"I can take it harder, Will. I know you want to feel me, want to break me apart beneath you," Hannibal taunts, and that just won't do. Will wants him non-verbal with overwhelmed pleasure, wants him needy and pliant.

He growls down at Hannibal and moves the other man's wrists above his head on the bed and wraps one of his palms around them to hold them in place, keeping him pinned. The sensation pulls another groan of pleasure from Hannibal, and Will can see his cock is hard and leaking at the tip, pre-come dripping down his shaft and pooling on his lower abdomen.

"You like it when I hold you down and make you take it? When I keep you full and desperate?" Will taunts, leaning down to capture Hannibal's lips in a bruising, possessive kiss before the man can even think to reply.

He kisses him until his lungs ache and his throat burns and he finally has to pull away to breathe.

Will is getting *so* close; they've been at this for nearly an hour already, and he can see Hannibal is on the precipice as well.

"Come on me, anywhere you want," Hannibal offers, accent thick and slurred, laced with a plea, his eyes the darkest swirl of whiskey in the bottom of a glass as he looks up at Will with something akin to a challenge in his gaze.

The thought of doing so, of *marking* Hannibal in this way only causes Will to drive into him harder, squeezing his wrists tighter as he forces Hannibal's body to part for him over and over again. The latex on his cock suddenly feels intrusive, and he pulls out of Hannibal's body and yanks the condom off, tossing it haphazardly to the side of the bed.

He removes his hand from Hannibal's wrists, pleased to see the man doesn't try to move them even freed, and plunges two of his fingers into Hannibal's warm hole, his body lax enough to make it an easy glide.

He can't focus though with how desperately he needs to come, pulling his fingers free to knee up Hannibal's body and aiming himself at the other man's lips and chin. He palms himself, focusing on the head of his cock, and then he's coming hot and thick across Hannibal's mouth when Hannibal parts those plush, pink lips for him and tongues across them like a taunt.

Will keeps working himself over until he can't wring anything else from his release, dipping his fingers in the mess and pushing it past Hannibal's lips and onto his wet tongue. Hannibal practically purrs as he sucks Will from his fingers, and Will rewards him by sliding back down his body and pressing his fingers back inside of him, teasing against his prostate.

He wraps his palm, still messy with come and spit, around Hannibal's cock and works him in time with the thrusts of his fingers. It doesn't take long before Hannibal's stomach is clenching and Will bends to capture his release in his mouth, wrapping his lips around Hannibal's twitching cock and swallowing his release.

Hannibal's breathless groan is the most beautiful sound Will's ever heard, and he moans himself at the taste of Hannibal, at the feeling of the other man finally losing patience and bringing his hands down to twist in Will's curls. He doesn't stop sucking at his softening cock until he pulls a whine from Hannibal's throat, the man's thick thighs trembling violently on either side of him.

Will's lungs heave when he reluctantly pulls off him, and relishes in the taste of Hannibal thick on his tongue. He finds himself unable to resist lapping at their mixed release against Hannibal's sweat salted flesh, and then Hannibal curls his fingers in Will's hair, nails scratching against his scalp as he pulls him to his mouth and slips his tongue past Will's lip, licking their taste from his mouth with a moan.

They finally separate, and he could collapse right now, curl up with the man beside him and fall into sleep effortlessly. But to leave Hannibal with no way to wipe his face would be rude, so Will forces himself to get up and retrieves a damp towel from the restroom.

"Always wondered what it would be like to have those legs wrapped around me. You didn't disappoint." Will winks when he returns, using the towel to wipe delicately at Hannibal's face and then between his thighs.

Hannibal hums his thanks and pulls Will back down to the bed, curling his body around Will's and settling in. They are quiet for so long that Will believes Hannibal has fallen asleep and begins to drift himself, and then Hannibal speaks into the darkness and silence of the room.

"Your form was perfect all day. I kept ensuring you'd fall so we would eventually be left alone to *practice."*

Will blinks at this news, the flash of frustration immediately replaced with a weak twitch of his spent cock. Hannibal had orchestrated their entire day to get them *here.*

"I suppose we'll just need to continue *practicing* tomorrow as well until we get it right."

"Yes. I think we might need quite a lot of *practice."* Will feels Hannibal's smirking mouth against his shoulder, his hand petting softly over Will's hip, teasing toward the swell of his ass. He feels the brush of Hannibal's lips at his ear as he murmurs, "I, myself, have wondered the same of your own thighs. What's to be done about that?"

As he finally allows himself to fade into sleep, Will's lips curl into a smile.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

If you enjoy our collaborative works you should follow us on Twitter and Tumblr for all sorts of extra content and teasers!

We also have a Discord server where you can chat with us, throw us prompts, and post images/art inspired by our work! You may also catch a snippet or two of some WIPs! DM us on Twitter for details!

'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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